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THE BRIDE,

A Ballad

Written by

CHARLES JEFFERYS

Composed by

S. NELSON.

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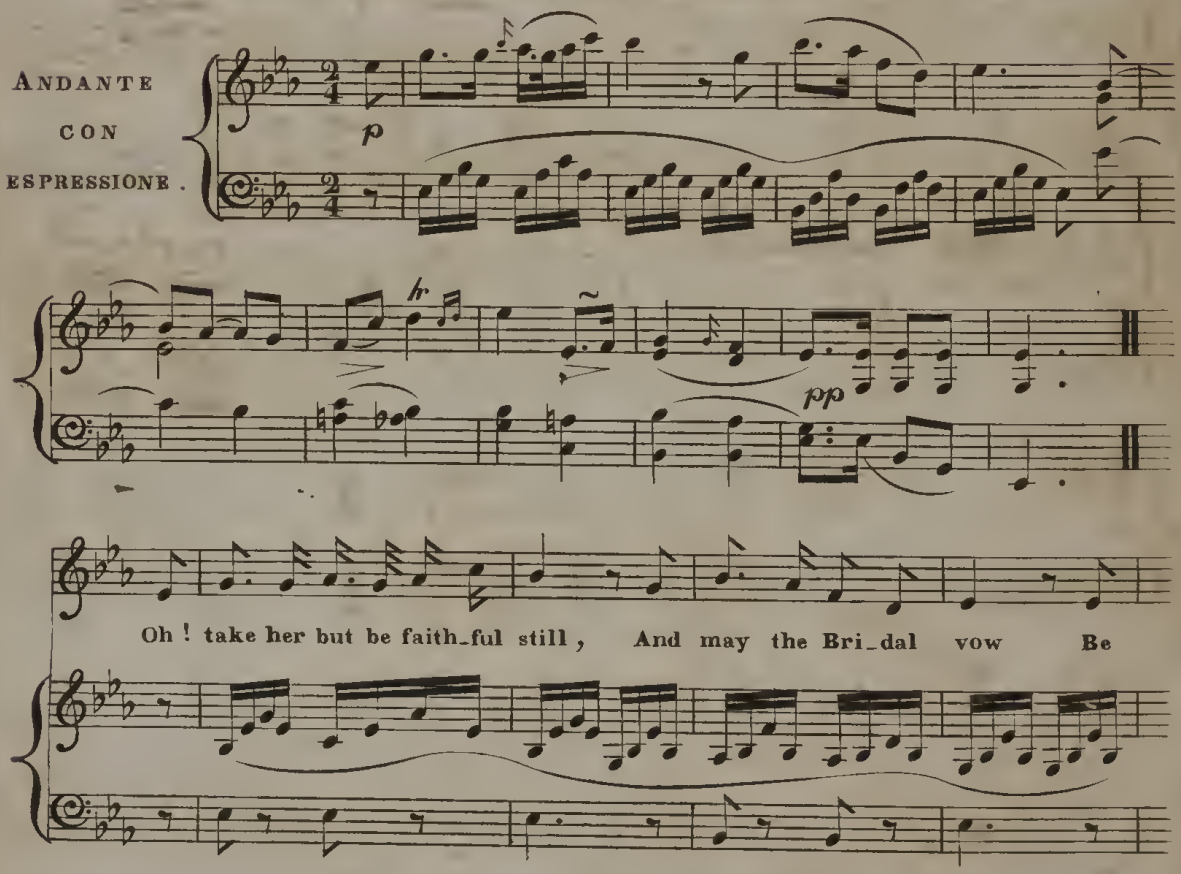

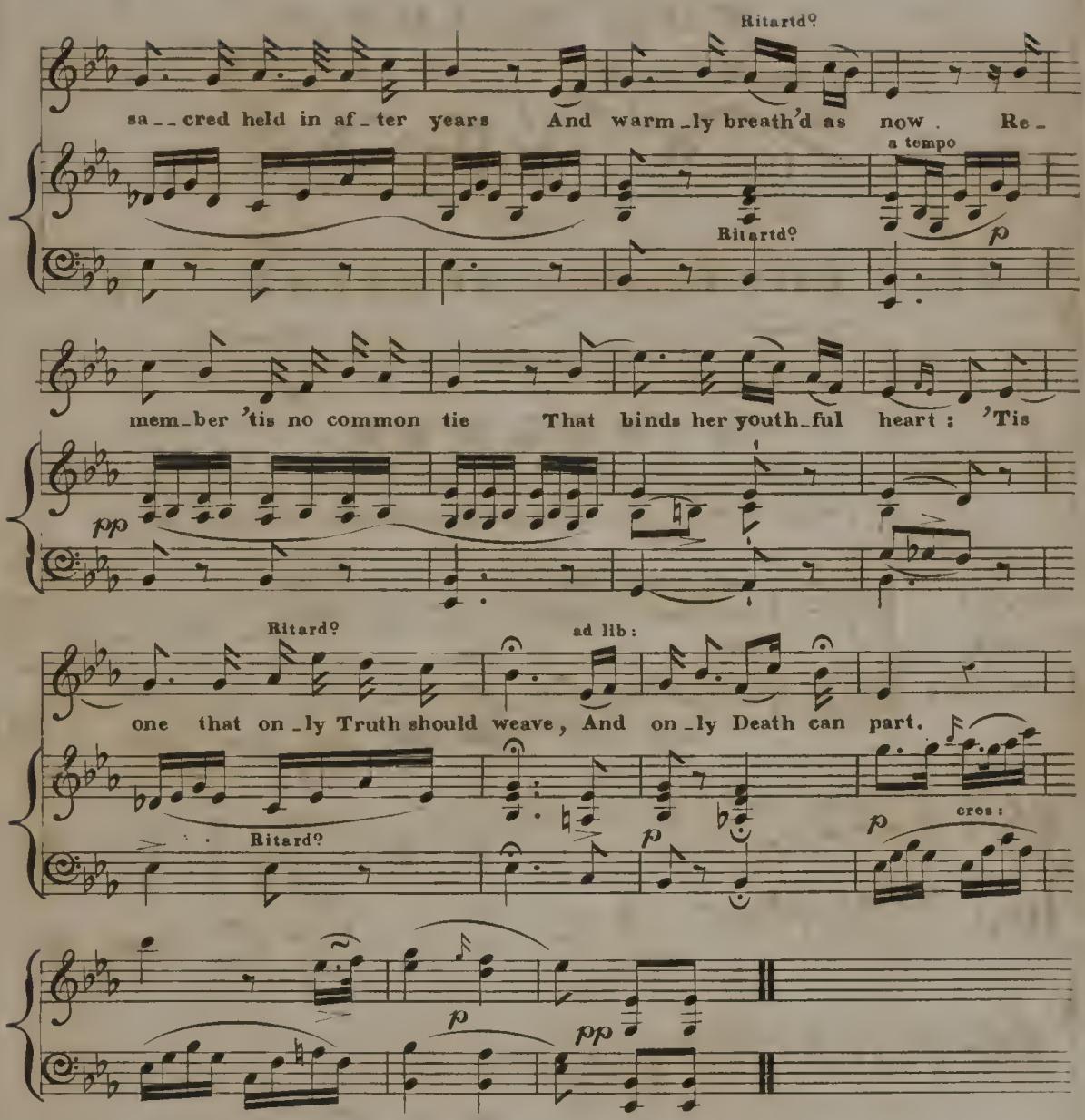

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The joys of Childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasur'd scenes of early youth
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew
When her young heart was free,
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

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Her lot in life is fix'd with thine
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her and may fleeting time
Mark only Joy's increase
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.